

Oxford Co. Advertiser
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, IN
Grange Block, cor. Main & Bridge Sts.,
NORWAY, ME.
F. W. SANLORN, Proprietor.
Terms,
\$1.50 and \$2 per Year.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid—unless at the option of publisher.

Oxford County Advertiser.

VOL. 58. NEW SERIES XV. NORWAY AND SOUTH PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, OCT. 17, 1884. NO. 42.

Oxford Co. Advertiser
Rates of Advertising.
One Square (12 lines 1 inch space) 1 week, \$1.00
Each continuation of space for 1 week, 75 cts.
One Square, (one inch of space) per year, 7.00
Cards of thanks, obituary notices, resolutions, etc., \$1 each, or 50 cents per line. Legal advertising inserted at the established rate.
A liberal discount by the column or year.

POWER JOB PRINTING
Of every kind and form neatly and promptly done at this office at the Lowest Prices.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS, ETC.
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Insurance and Real Estate Agent.
NORWAY, ME.
G. R. JONES,
DENTIST.
NORWAY, ME.
Office near F. W. Sanlorn's with Dr. Jones.

D. R. J. W. DAVIS,
DENTIST.
SOUTH PARIS, ME.
Office over Savings Bank. All work warranted.
HENRY UPTON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Office near F. W. Sanlorn's Insurance Office.
HOLT & KIMBALL,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law.
NORWAY, ME.
CHARLES S. HOLT, ALBERT C. KIMBALL.

BEAR & STARRS,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law.
NORWAY, ME.
H. M. BEAR, **EDWARD S. STARRS,**
ROUNDS & WOODBURY,
Physicians and Surgeons.
SOUTH PARIS, ME.
ISAAC ROUNDS, M. D. HAZARD WOODBURY, M. D.
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Physician and Surgeon.
Office and residence on Cottage Street.
Office hours, 12 m. to 2 p.m. and 7 to 9 p.m.
C. L. PIER, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Residence and Office at Dr. Bradbury's late home, Main Street.
B. M. BRADBURY, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
NORWAY, ME.
B. G. HALL,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
OXFORD, ME.

H. R. VIRGIN,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Cor. Congress and Main Streets, Portland, Me.
Union Mutual Building, oppo. Maine State City Hall.
CHARLES F. WHITMAN,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Office in Grange Building, Main Street.
WILSON & GREENLEAF,
Attorneys at Law.
SOUTH PARIS, ME.
G. A. WILSON, V. A. GREENLEAF.

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Physician & Surgeon.
SOUTH PARIS, ME.
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HOMOEOPATHIST.
(Successor to Dr. T. S. Turner.)
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OFFICE at residence on Main Street. Office hours from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and 7 to 9 p.m.
NORWAY SAVINGS BANK,
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Money to loan on good security, at reasonable rates.
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New Hair Dressing Rooms.
Clean Shave and Stylish Cut.
GET YOUR MILK DAILY

Benjamin Tucker's MILK CART!
Good Milk, Fresh and Measure. In want of milk, speak to the driver.
ELM HOUSE.
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Good Stable connected with the house.
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HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,
SHOP ON BRIDGE STREET.
Over Advertiser's Job Printing office Norway.
ANDREWS' HOUSE,
South Paris, Maine.
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Good stable connected, and guests of the house conveyed to and from the depot, free.

YOUNG'S ORCHESTRA!
Persons desiring music for
Balls, Promenades, Dramas, &c.,
will find it for their interest to call on, or
address
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(Successor to F. C. Briggs.)
DEALER IN
Meats and Vegetables.
Best, Lamb, Pork, Ham, Sausages and Vegetables sold at the lowest prices.
Lowest Prices.
Norway, Oct. 15, 1884.
TRUCKING
AND
JOB TEAMING!
I am prepared to do all kinds of work at reasonable rates. Orders left with F. W. Sanlorn or with the subscriber will be promptly and carefully attended to.
G. H. WHITEHOUSE, Norway, Me.

DENNIS PIKE,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
HARD AND SOFT SOAP!
Factory on Paris St., Norway.
Leached and unleached Ashes taken in exchange for Soap.
Cash paid for Tallow, Bones, damaged Pork, Scraps, Tallow Grease, etc.
A. C. JONES,
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Manufacturer of general machinery, steam engines, mill work, saws, pumps, tools, bolts, screws, taps, dies and drills made and repaired. Sawing, mowing & thrashing machines, pumps of all kinds, presses, pistons, &c., neatly and promptly repaired. Steam and water piping done to order. 359

A Good Tenement to Let!
Suitable for one or two families. For particulars, inquire of J. H. HADSON, or of F. W. SANLORN, Norway, Me.
Job printing of all kinds done at the ADVERTISER'S OFFICE.

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FLOUR, COFFEE, TEA, SPICES OF ALL KINDS, APPLES, POTATOES, LARD, SUGARS OF ALL KINDS, MOLASSES, VINEGAR, SALT, AND A Full Assortment of Choice GROCERIES,
at
G. W. Holmes Store, at the Falls.
Leave your order at the store or speak to the driver of the store wagon. All goods delivered free in the village.

SOUTH PARIS BAND
Is prepared to furnish MUSIC for all Political and other Jobs.
Apply to
H. F. MUZZY,
Secretary.
S. R. BEAR, **J. D. CLIFFORD,**
BEAR & CLIFFORD,
CONTRACTORS & TRUCKMEN.
No. 242 Haymarket Square,
SOUTH PARIS, ME.
25¢ Terms furnished at Lowest Cash Prices at home or out of town.

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES!
Chains, Guards and Jewelry!
A Large Stock. Call and examine.
REPAIR WORK promptly attended to.
S. RICHARDS, South Paris, Me.
August 22, 1884.

SOUTH PARIS LAUNDRY!
NEAR THE DEPOT.
Agency at F. Q. Elliott's, Norway.
Laundry work taken from the agency every WEDNESDAY and returned SATURDAY.
Prices for washing, starching and ironing, 10¢ per dozen, 15¢ per gross. 10¢ per pair.
GEO. A. BOWEN, Prop'r.

Headquarters for Furniture!
At G. & J. B. Roberts,
HANOVER, ME.
Will be found a Large Stock of Furniture. Latest in design, to be sold to the Retail trade at wholesale prices.

THE ELMS!
GROVER & BURNHAM, Proprietors,
BETHEL, ME.
Good Stable connected with the House.
Sept. 12, 1884.

BAR HARBOR
Bar Harbor—wherever assembled or dispersed—and to all other persons interested in the news of Mount Desert and vicinity, or any of the towns, Harpsburg and Washington, Me. Subscribers for the MOUNT DESERT NEWS, \$1.00 per year. It contains all the local news. Address JOSEPH H. WOOD, Bar Harbor, Maine.

L. L. HOWARD, JR.,
CONTRACTOR OF
Monuments, Borders, Tablets
AND HEADSTONES!
Works opened on Norway Pine Grove Cemetery.
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O. M. CUMMINGS,
Livery and Feed Stable,
NORWAY, ME.
Proprietor of Gipsy Queen.
Passengers conveyed to adjoining towns at reasonable rates.
Stable on Danforth Street.

FULL AND COMPLETE LINE OF CASKETS!
Broadcloth and Velvet Trimmed.
All the Latest and Best Patterns.
BURIAL OUTFIT, ETC.
Sole at the Lowest Prices. When in need, call and examine.
JOHN A. BOLSTER & SON,
Lynn Street, near Shoe Factory, NORWAY, ME.

S. A. STEVENS,
Civil Engineer and Surveyor!
Surveys all kinds of Mill property, Farms and Timber lots; also, Villages, lots laid out, Grades and Levels established, and line of streets given.
The Retracing of Old Lines a Specialty.
All lines retraced by Solar Compass from True Meridian.
Plans and Specifications of all kinds of buildings and property, made at short notice. All business promptly attended to.
Post Office address Norway Lake, Me.
25¢ per copy per person. Call on HOS & KIMBALL, BEAR & STARRS and H. UPTON. 381

MONUMENTAL WORK
JOHN A. BOLSTER & SON,
Lynn Street, Near Shoe Factory, Norway, Me.
We have the largest line of Marble Cemetery Work! Ever in town, all ready to let and set.
Call and Examine.

MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.

More Faithful than a Daughter.

He was about the ugliest dog you ever saw, and there was not a sign about him to show that he had ever been handsome. The scars and bruises he bore indicated that life had gone hard with him, and the dour, detected expression of his face suggested that the cuffs and frowns and kicks of the world had not improved his spirits any more than his appearance. One of his ears was lacking, and the droop of his broken tail was pathetic. His hair was a dirty gray, ragged and worn off in patches; one of his eyes was gone, but there was an expression of independence and defiance in the other which betokened a self-reliant if not a cheerful disposition.

He was dodging in and out among the wagons in front of the butcher shop, when I first saw him, and his forlorn, hungry appearance attracted my attention, and suggested the thought that he might get a bone for his Christmas dinner. I was afraid he wouldn't, for before each shop were three or four great stalwart-looking dogs, who could have shaken the life out of the poor little friendless thing, or gulped him down at a single mouthful; but as a market wagon started off, a small chicken was jostled out of one of the heaped-up baskets, which the little fellow snatched and scampered away towards the street. As he ran by me I noticed that he had a collar around his neck, with a little tin box fastened to it by a tiny brass hook.

He dodged between the skirts of the shop-girls, and around the legs of the laborers who were going home with dinner-pails and Christmas bundles. Forgetting the dog for the time, I got into my carriage and drove westward, stopping to make two or three short calls on the way. Turning upon Van Buren Street, in front of the street car stables, I saw a crowd had gathered. Stretching my neck out of the window, I noticed my dog—no, not mine, but the one I saw at the butcher shop—going through all sorts of contortions. I thought at first he had a fit, or was suffering from hydrophobia; but it soon became evident there was method in his madness, and that some of the men who were watching him had witnessed his tricks.

I wanted to please the dog to see us standing around to watch him, and the dour, dejected look I had first noticed upon his face had given place to an animated expression, as much as to say: "I'm not a handsome animal, gentlemen, but I generally know what I'm about." He went through all sorts of tricks and maneuvers aided by stunts of encouragement from the by-standers, who were mostly stable men. They would offer suggestions occasionally as to the performance, which he complied with readily, and with evident gratification, for he seemed to feel proud to understand what they wanted him to do, and prouder still to be able to do it.

But to me there was something impressively pathetic in the scene of which the poor, half-starved little creature was the chief actor, and I wondered how and where he had lost the chicken he picked up under the market wagon. He seemed to be earnest in his work of amusing these rough men, and I could discern a purpose in it,—some secret aim the dog had in performing tricks which had been taught him by an absent master.

Occasionally a tired, home-sick expression would come over his ugly face and when he was interfered with, as he was once in a while, he would look up with an appeal in his single eye which seemed to be,— "Please do not interrupt the programme; I am not doing all this for fun, but for business."

After he had marched around on his hind legs, and carried a stick at his left shoulder for a while, like a soldier with a gun; had stood on his hind legs, and turned somersaults, he pretended to be dying. He went through all sorts of contortions, panted painfully, became rigid, let his under jaw drop, and stretched himself out on the cold ground motionless. He did it so well that an honest-looking woman, with a basket full of clothes, who had just come up thought he was dead for certain, and said, "Poor thing, he's starved."

But he sprang up again, and lifting himself upon his legs, showed us the little tin box that was attached to his collar. The men understood it, and dropped pennies through the little hole that was made to receive them. One good fellow followed up in a button and I saw a headless street-car conductor drop in a pewter five-cent piece, some passenger had imposed upon him. The old lady with the clothes-bag contributed a genuine nickel, and a man with a big diamond and a shiny silk hat dropped in a quarter. As he came to me I saw there was a crumpled paper attached to the box,—a tag such as is used to carry the address of parcels,—but it was worn and very much soiled. The dog waited patiently while I smoothed it out and read it. Upon one side was written in cramped, feeble hand: "This is the dog of a poor man who is bedridden. He earns the bread of his master. Please put something in the box, good people, and do not detain him."

I added my mite, and when he had

passed around the entire circle he barked three times, as if to say, "I thank you," and pattered proudly away. I jumped into my carriage, and much to the driver's amazement, told him to follow the dog.

It was quite a task, and as the dusk was gathering fast, I feared the driver would lose sight of him, so I got out and sat upon the box of the carriage to add my sight to his. What a race that dog gave us! We followed him down Van Buren Street for several blocks; then he ran across into a vacant lot and commenced to paw up the snow. Pretty soon he dragged out the stolen chicken, and, grasping it tightly in his teeth, he ran towards the south. So many corners did he turn that I began to fear he suspected us of following him; but at last he dashed into an alley off one of the side streets on the West Side, where poverty and misery and disease have their abode.

I jumped off the carriage, and telling the driver to wait for me, followed the dog into a foul-looking sort of court surrounded by low arbors and damp brick walls. He ran up a rickety staircase and I followed him. He turned when he heard my step and growled uncessantly; then he commenced to scratch at a tumbling door, which was opened by an old, worn-looking man, who muttered in a hoarse voice:— "Good dog, good Jim, what have you brought me?"

The dog dropped the chicken on the floor, and the man picked it up. Then observing me, he exclaimed,— "Who's that? What do you want, sir?" and he seemed to tremble with fright.

"Don't be frightened," I replied. "I want to see the owner of that dog."

"I'm a poor man," he said, and I noticed his strong Scotch accent. "I'm a poor man, and I've nothing but what the dog brings me. What do you want, sir?"

"He's not an idle dog," I said, "if he's ugly to look at, and he's brought you a good Christmas dinner and some money. I saw his tricks in the street, and I followed him home, and he brought me this money." I held out the nickel, and he seemed to be very much pleased. "I interest for him, and curiosity to see the man who has so faithful a friend. So good a dog must have a good master, and if you are needing anything, perhaps I can help you."

The old man muttered a reply, and shuffled around till he found a match and lit a candle that stuck out of the mouth of a beer bottle.

"You see, sir," I said, "I saw his haggard face and pained hand, and I was ill and need a doctor. How long has he been like this?"

"Ten weeks the day after to-morrow," he replied, sinking down upon an old bed, and trembling with the effort. "I could see that my appearance had excited him, and his eyes were wild and staring."

"I've been sick," he said, "very sick and my daughter has gone away and left me. I've no one but Jim now, sir, and I lie here all day after he goes out in the morning, trembling lest he may not come home at night. It's doubtful living when you are depending on a dog, sir," he said with a sob.

At the mention of his name, Jim jumped upon the master's lap and commenced to lick the tears from the haggard face.

"I'll be laid in the ground soon," he said, "and I don't know what will become of Jim."

I talked to the old man encouragingly for a while, and finally persuaded him to let me take him to the hospital. With the driver's aid I got him into the carriage, and Jim jumped in and took his place upon his master's lap.

The surgeon at the hospital said he had pneumonia, and had gone so long without attention that it was only a matter of a few days with him; but when I drove around to the hospital in the morning he was dead, and nailed up in a long black box. Jim lay on the floor under the bier, sadder and more dejected than ever, and there were genuine tears in his lonely eye. We went to the house where the old man had lived, but I could ascertain from the neighbors only the fact that his name was Mcasters, that he had worked in a cabinet-shop somewhere, and that his daughter had gone away a couple of months before, leaving her old father to take care of him.

We buried him in the Potter's Field, and Jim was the only mourner at his grave. He whined piteously as the frozen clouds fell upon the coffin, but when the mound was heaped up he ran away.

The man in charge of the cemetery told me, when I went there a few days after, that Jim had been found frozen or starved to death one morning upon his master's grave, and they had dug a hole in the frozen ground for his faithful body.

An English Hotel is conducted in a manner very different from our American houses. The porter is the man who knows everything. You find him at a little desk just at the entrance. You then come along the hall to the "Booking Office." Here you never see a man but a female, who very politely asks you what kind of a room you want and gives you a little check for the same. You then go up stairs and there you meet the chambermaid, who conducts you to your room. The number of items on your hotel bill is very striking. Every little thing is charged separately. Meals are all on the European plan. We seldom dine at the same place again. B. and myself went to all the table d'hotes at the celebrated restaurants.

I purposely say little of the old towers, museums, picture galleries, theatres, etc., that we visited. We saw many and they are all so excellent that it would be useless for me to say only a few words about each in a letter. Mr. P. has been very kind to B. and myself. Last Monday night we dined with him at his home, Tower House, Cromwell Road. He lives in a very substantial way, though without pretension to fashion. They have no children. Mrs. P. is a very pleasant lady and treated us very well. There were eight people at dinner.

B. and myself had a good time. It was a regular English dinner. They drank more wine over here than we do. This did not bother us.

Mr. W., the nephew of Mr. P., a young fellow 24 years of age, is to make the tour of the Rhine and Switzerland with us. Mr. P. suggested it, and we agreed to it with pleasure. He treats young W. much like a son; he has educated him and now has him in his office. W. is a pleasant fellow, although not very well up in the experience of every day life.

We presented our letters of introduction and have received several invitations to dinners and receptions. There is one thing I must mention. The ladies at the theatres, etc., do not wear hats and have bare arms and very low cut dresses. Very few of them have heavy veils which accompanied a lady used to dress in the city of the blue satin and black and a certain fashionable man who carried old lady once more at her New Year reception.

You doubtless hear much of the cholera. We shall not go where it is. We meet Americans everywhere. It is surprising how many one finds away from home. Most of them are westerners, and very peculiar.

We walk about eight or ten miles a day and find it gets easier to find our way in this wilderness of a city the more we go about it. We probably shall leave London for the north of England and Scotland about July 23d, go to the Continent about Aug. 12th, and Paris about Aug. 28th, and Paris about Sept. 28th.

Yours truly,
A. M. H.

DEAR F.—We have received two letters from you with great pleasure, A. and I begin to feel quite at home in London.

The first thing we did on arriving was to purchase a Baedeker and we are going through it from cover to cover. We are now making an attack on the West End. Sunday last we went to the British Museum in the morning and to Hampton Court, Richmond and to Kew in the afternoon, arriving at the hotel about 9 p. m., with good appetites for a dinner.

Mr. P. has treated us very handsomely. The banks here only issue circular notes to customers, so we went to the National Provincial Bank where Mrs. P. has an account and by means of an introduction from her, we got the circular notes for £200. The other £100 I took in bank notes.

Mr. W., Mrs. P.'s nephew, is a pleasant fellow and has devoted considerable time to us. He said something about traveling with us on the Continent. I spoke to Mr. P. about it and he said it was perfectly agreeable to him. He would like to send his nephew up the Rhine and into Switzerland with us. So it is arranged that in the middle of August when we start for the Continent, W., who is just my age, is to accompany us for a four weeks' trip.

After dinner at Mr. P.'s we went to the billiard room and played English pool. Each one put in a shilling and the winner of the game took the pot. We came out pretty well. Mrs. and Mr. P. leave for their country house to-morrow. They have invited us to spend Christmas with them.

Mr. B. called on us yesterday. Mr. K. wrote asking us to come to see him. Mr. L. sent us tickets to a Flower Show at Mansion House, invited us to the Reform Club and Mrs. L. sent us invitations to a Garden Party at her house.

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

Shears and Paste-Pot Editor.

It is often advised that clay soils be made more porous and friable by the use of long manure. A more preferable way is the plowing under of green crops or seeding down to fennel and to plowed under. The soil is apt to become hard by the successive tillage of hoed crops.

Fields that have been newly seeded should have the stones gathered in heaps before cold weather, for removal. The removal may be done when the ground is frozen if those fast in the ground are placed in heaps. The roller in the spring will press into the soft earth the stones too small to be easily picked up.

In considering the right depth to run the plow all the circumstances must be considered. It will not do to turn up too much of the cold subsoil at once. The plowing should be gradually deepened every year, in order to allow of sufficient time for the upturned soil to be reduced to a proper condition for plant food.

Toward the last of the growing season it becomes evident that some head in a field of cabbage will fail to attain size sufficient to make them marketable. A little stimulating manure, made by dissolving guano in a barrel of water, will set the plants to growing, so as to give some value to what would otherwise be good for nothing.

The fall is the best time to deepen and clean open ditches. The grass and weeds that grow on their sides should be all removed so as to leave a free course of water. Especially if willows have got a foothold on the banks, they should be pulled up by the roots. It is impossible to keep an open ditch in good working condition where its banks are infested by willows.

BARB-WIRE FENCES.—Now there are not a few reasons why we should use this article. It is economical, and that with most men is important. "A penny saved is a penny earned." It takes the place of wood in all forms for fences when wood material cannot be obtained, and this is the reason why the land owners of the west will use it and unite their voice and influence to prevent any legislation unfavorable to it. It allows the gathering of no snow drifts, and this commends it to railway managers and highway surveyors. It is the most breezy and furthest. It will stop sheep, and if closely strung, is an effective barrier against dogs. There is so much in its favor that it will be difficult to secure legislation against it.

On the other hand it is a difficult fence to make on account of its bars and the twisting character of the wire in the hands of the farm help. It is a cruel fence, and is not readily seen by animals which in the night or in a fright cannot avoid it. In the stock raising sections, where it is used almost pastures the skin of the animals show frequent punctures, which not only give evidence of injury to living creatures, but prove injurious to the leather manufactured from the skins. It is impossible to avoid serious injury to animals from its use.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.
Practical housekeepers throughout this county are requested to send in communications to the Editor of the Advertiser. The pan dowry is an old-fashioned dish which has been revived among other things of late. Take juicy sour apples, and pare and quarter enough to nearly fill a deep earthen baking dish add half a cup of hot water and nearly a cup of molasses. Make a crust for cream tartar biscuit, roll about an inch thick and fit closely over the apples. Bake in a moderate oven as long as possible, and when done break the crust in pieces and mix with the apples. Let it get cold and serve with cream.

For apple marmalade take any kind of sour apples, pare and core them; cut them in small pieces, and to every pound of apples put three-quarters of a pound of sugar; put them in a preserving pan and boil them over a slow fire until they are reduced to a fine pulp; then put in a jelly jar and keep in a cool place.

A new and simple plan for wool dresses is to make the skirt with the double-width material passing around the figure, and having only one seam (that in the back) instead of being cut up in gored breadths. English tailors make plain cloth dresses in this way, having the skirt two and a half yards wide, with all its fullness massed in layers of pleats behind that fall in with the pleat-hole. Darts are taken to the top of the front and gored to make it fit smoothly over the gored foundation skirt, and there is a cut cloth fringe around the lower edge, falling on the trimming of the foundation skirt, which consists of two pinked and gathered ruffles of the cloth.

LOVELL.

Mr. Silas Heald came near having a serious accident lately. He was working in the barn collar when an onion fell from the high beams and struck him on the side of the head. It fell 16 ft., and struck with considerable force, bruising his face badly but breaking no bones.

Freeman Andrews has picked 70 barrels of winter sweet apples and as many Baldwin besides other fruit.

Fred, son of W. C. Brown, is very sick with inflammation of the bowels. Mrs. Brown is also very sick with the same disease.

On Thursday eve, Oct. 2, while attending the Congregational Circle at Centre Lovell, Miss Kate B. Russell was stricken with an attack of heart disease and expired almost instantly. Her age was seventeen years, six months and twenty days. She was the youngest daughter of Benjamin and Lucy E. Russell. In her infancy she was deprived of the sense of hearing and had been educated at the American Asylum at Hartford, Conn. She was a bright and intelligent child and had made rapid progress in her studies. She intended leaving the school and going to Mass. this fall with her sister but in a moment all these plans are changed by One, who orders better than we know. She was a child especially dear to her parents and loved by her brothers and sisters. She was always a welcome companion with the way of her mind and her memory will linger long with them. Her loss will be deeply felt in the family circle, where she was a willing helper.

Died in Lovell, Sept. 29, Stephen Andrews aged 31 years, 1 month and 24 days. Stephen Andrews was the son of Samuel and Hannah (Elden) Andrews, who moved from Sacarappa, Pa. to this town in the year 1790, and settled on the farm since occupied by the family. Samuel Andrews was a soldier of the Revolution and also of the war of 1812. He lived many years and his widow lived until a few years since and was one hundred and two years of age when she died. Stephen was the last child in a family of thirteen, there being 8 boys and 5 girls. The only ones now living are Catherine aged 91 years, Nathan aged 79 and Abel aged 77. He married Betsey Coffin and they had a family of eleven children, nine of whom are living. There are 16 grand-children and 2 great-grandchildren. He was born on the farm where he spent his life and died. By diligence and economy he accumulated a good property and was able to pass his later years without care in respect to pecuniary affairs. He suffered much for many years on account of ill health but was always cheerful and content with life. He was a pleasant companion, a kind and generous father, a good citizen and an honest man. By the labors of such, the forests were felled, the orchards were planted and the homesteads were made the pleasant home of following generations. Let his friends will listen no more to the tale of the olden times, which he so delighted to tell. He lived his full measure of time. He was a man full of usefulness and he passed peacefully to the other shore, without a wish to linger here.

HARTFORD.
On the morn of the 3d I was reminded by my glass, 40° of a snow storm. I was out before 10 o'clock, and I looked for before night. But to my joy a little rain and higher glass greeted me.

While Rev. Mr. Towne of Hebron is on a vacation among his former associates, Rev. R. K. Knapp of Hebron supplies his pulpit at E. Buckfield Sabbath afternoons. The excellent Sabbath School on the 28th will long be remembered for good. The recitations, select readings, extra singing, Miss Ella Berry at the organ and other exercises. The books for the school have been put in good hands and are more appreciated.

The building of the road between the County roads near the residence of Henry A. Bicknell and the steam mill of Irish Brothers and by F. K. Rawson, Mechanic, built by F. K. Rawson, Oct. 1st. This road will shorten the distance between Hartford Cold Spring and the storehouse of the company near Buckfield village depot, about three-fourths of a mile, and shut some hard hills.

The farmers since the State Fair have improved much of the beautiful weather in their orchards, gathering a large crop of apples of extra quality and size. Maine apples are known in the market as superior fruit to all others of good apples. There is no class of workmen more busy than the farmers, since the R. R.'s have wended their way among them. The long winter evenings will soon be over and time to enjoy an intellectual feast from the periodicals within their grasp.

WEST BETHEL.
S. W. Potter is authorized to receive subscription for the Advertiser for the winter of 1884-85.

We do not wish for the people to think that Mr. Bean is getting so low as to be a poor man. He is not. The item of last week which read the walls are being plastered by M. N. Mason of Gilead was incorrect and should have read the walls are being built by M. N. Mason of Gilead.

A. H. Mason has said his span of work horses to Calvin Turner for \$275. Any one in want of good reading for the winter evenings will do well to call on E. R. Briggs as he is prepared to furnish anything wanted through the club agency of New York at very low figures.

HEBRON.
J. J. Fuller has opened his store at East Hebron again with a good assortment. He says that goods are generally low in the wholesale markets and as he has bought many bargains, shall sell reasonably. He sells calf boots at \$1.50 per pair.

James M. Chesley has 50 bushels of wheat and 100 bushels of oats.

Geo. Chesley will teach the school at the "Alders."

Samuel Cusick has got a white horse. A cow was broken to the other night at West Mount station.

Zenas Thompson esq., of Portland, has been the guest of James DeCoster. Parties from Lewiston come to this section frequently hunting. 100 gun reports were counted the other day in a short time.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a child, she cried for Castoria. When she was a girl, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

BOLSTER'S MILLS.

I have seen (copied from the Advertiser) in other papers something in relation to my giving up the express business, and this was the resolution that I formed, and for a few days remained at my quiet home, No. 1 South Garfield St., after mature reflection I could be various channels in which I could be employed, and feeling that the citizens of Garfield would testify that I had been dead in the express business for the last three years, I finally returned to my former vocation, consisting of my former vocation, consisting of my former vocation, consisting of my former vocation.

I would just say that we have two schools in successful operation, one, the Garfield Institute, Charles S. Cook Principal, the other a primary school, taught by Miss E. K. Kuba. Both schools have experienced and successful teachers; but this is out of my line and I drop the subject.

I thought I would touch on some incidents of my early life. I have had some highlights, among which were school agent, road surveyor, titling-man for the State of Maine, and Representative to the State Legislature. I went before an examining committee, consisting of H. Blake, esq., and J. Kilborn, for admission to decide as to my qualifications. After making my statement they thought I might answer if I did not say much, but they said my clothes were not fit. Since that time I have not used much of cut and fancy dress, but notwithstanding my advanced age, I might be a candidate for office yet, and as there is much trouble of late as to the early history of candidates for office, I thought I would give a sketch of my life. I was born in Oxtield, Oct. 18, 1829. I was married in Oxtield by the Rev. Josiah G. Merrill, presence of Mr. (not privately) but in the presence of more than fifty persons. Our oldest child was born Jan. 1832. She is now temporarily living at No. 2 Garfield Street, within fifteen feet of her father's grave. She has frequently been at your village with the Garfield Express. She took part in the marriage ceremony of her father and mother, June, 1848. The marriage ceremony was performed by Charles Walker, esq. But all are good. My family consists of myself and seven children. D. SCRIBNER.

O. V. Edwards has erected his house and other buildings upon the lot purchased of H. E. Lovell and has been much pleased. He is hoping to get them ready to occupy before winter.

Andrews & Weston are pushing business in their evaporator, paying fifteen cents a bushel for apples delivered at their place.

Mrs. Daniel Weston, John N. Knight and Joseph L. Brackett have purchased one hundred and twenty rods of land pipe to take water from a fountain to the village.

It is so afflicted with rheumatism that it is very difficult for him to move.

Bert Stuart of Chicago, son of J. H. Stuart, has made a brief visit to this place.

J. H. Snow, pastor of the M. E. Church, has been unable to preach at this place for two Sabbaths on account of severe illness.

Rev. L. W. Raymond, pastor of the F. W. Baptist Church at Harrison, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church in Lovell, Me., and intends to move there some time in November.

The Reform Club held a rousing meeting in this place last Sabbath evening. The Rev. Mr. Warren, C. E. Stuart, F. Chute, Dr. Weston and others.

NORTH BRIDGTON.
Subject of Lyceum Tuesday eve. Resolved that a new party should be formed from the Democratic and Republican parties.

The Starvation is out and shows much talent on the part of the editors and contributors.

A drunken tramp was in town last

1. *Introduction*

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